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APRIL, 1936



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CORRADI

VOLUME 40

APRIL, 1936

NUMBER 4

Published by
Woman's College of the University of North Carolina
Greensboro, N. C.

Subscription Rate Per Year \$1.50

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THE CORADDI IS A MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION



Editor's Page

ARTS BECOME FINE TO THE STUDENT

• All this furor about art started, as far as we are concerned, when the Exhibition of Modern Painting came to Student's. We dropped by to see the usual "student exhibition"—the ballet girls of Degas, the *Joie de Vivre* of Matisse, and Renoir's *Bathers*. Instead, we were not confronted with these pictures at all; but by others, by the same artists, infinitely more pleasing. There was the *Still Life* of Cezanne, a quietly magnificent thing, with the common fruits and napkin given an abstract quality that lifts them above human realm. We liked the *Landscape* of Van Gogh because it had all of the artist's usual explosiveness. Too, there was Renoir's *Girl Combing Hair*, which seemed much more esthetic than spiritual. But most pleasantly of all we remember the *Absinthe Drinker* of Picasso, and the *Composition with a Black Circle*, of Rodebenko.

No sooner were the modern paintings gone than the Textiles arrived in the Library. Those by Ruth Reeves were definitely the best, we thought, but we particularly liked Tony Sarg, and the *Red Elephant* on the table, along with the map of young America. And then, in the Lobby, were the very modern etchings of John Taylor Arms. He does, we are told, intimate medieval views of European towns, but we refuse to see an etching as intimate, and we stand firm in our assertion that even those of Mr. Arms have not attained that quality. Rather, they are majestic, strong and gothic to the last line.

• The ballet has been in a veritable whirl about us of late, and we have seen dancers who had only been names to us before. At the Ballet Russe Riabuchinska, Danilov and Roman Jasinska danced to the music of Frederick Chopin; Leonide Massine, *Maitre de Ballet*, danced the bartenterr in the ultra-American ballet, *Union Pacific*; Toumanova and Petroff danced to the music of Tchaikovski. We saw that the modern ballet has abandoned much of its inherited restriction . . . and then there was the concert of Nina Theilade and Dimitri Romanoff. Theilade,

whose great-grandmother, daughter of the sultan of Java, was put to death for eloping with a Polish army officer, is the youngest ballet-mistress in the world. She danced the half-caste Tahitian, the lotus flower — blooming with the moon, dying with the sun, and finally her classic number — the angel at the tomb of Everyman, a dance created for her by Max Rhinehardt for the Salsburg festival.

ADELAIDE PORTER.

• There is a rare fascination which contact with pen and ink and the weapon of the press gives to those who know it. How delightful it is to be an anonymous columnist! What wide stretches of freedom are protected by that anonymity! What courage must be the columnist's who can write his fragments with a jeering stroke and know that he is forever safe from retaliation! How great must be his pride in his work, in its honesty, its lack of deliberate over-emphasizing and warping of twistable truths! How modest he must be that he does not sign his name! How commendable the strange sharpness of his eye that he sees only the less desired angle of events! What a figure of personified commendation he must be to his profession!

• We note with interest the coming off the press of Paul Stefan's new biography, *Toscanni*. We who have recently heard Eugene Ormandy conducting the Minneapolis Symphony are watching with more than interest his going to take the place of Toscanni as conductor of the Philharmonic. We read in current magazines all the comments and tributes to the undisputed genius of Toscanni.

We wonder as we read: What will the public say of Eugene Ormandy as a conductor of "The Maestro's" orchestra . . . will he be received as he was when he was the "Maestro" of his own, the Minneapolis . . . and what of Toscanni . . . will he become legendary in greatness . . . will he be endeared inactively to us by the little stories of him given us by writers . . . will he become a great biography now . . .

EDYTHE LATHAM.



WOODCUT BY EVELYN KERNODLE

RUDYARD KIPLING

But America Loved Him —

By CAROLYN SMITH

During the month that has passed since his death, American magazines and newspapers have paid their printed tributes to Rudyard Kipling. This was to be expected — America loved Kipling. America probably feels his death more keenly than do the British. Two generations of American youth have known his *Just So Stories* . . . have loved his *Wee Willie Winkie* . . . loved his *Kim*. Three million five hundred thousand copies of his books have been sold here. America received Kipling, joyously and with sincerity.

It is interesting to consider the bonds that allied him to America. There was his wife . . . he married an American, Caroline Starr Balestier. He built his first home at Brattleboro, Vermont. In this home his two oldest children were born. Here his own life was nearly lost in fighting double pneumonia, and here his daughter, Josephine, died.

But with the death of Josephine, Kipling separated himself from America. Taking Josephine's ashes with them, in a porphyry urn, the family left for England, not to return to America again.

Though Kipling was married to an American woman, though millions of copies of his books were sold indicating his popularity with the American people, Kipling himself did not like this country. It is generally supposed that his dislike arose out of his experiences with copyrights. His resentment on this score was undoubtedly well-founded; his writings were extensively pirated by American publishers.

Before the American International Copyright Law was passed, Harper printed six of Kipling's short stories in a single volume without asking Kipling's permission. Kipling made his scathing attack upon Harper in his *Atheneum*, saying that Harper had rejected his work *before* he became famous; but gave him ten pounds for his six pirated stories *after* he had made a name in the writing profession.

Harper retaliated with the statement that he

had bought the stories through the regular agents, sending the ten pounds according to the policy of paying for uncopyrighted material. And he mentioned agreeable transactions with Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, and William Black.

This only brought forth Kipling's *The Three Captains*, a poem accusing Hardy, Besant and Black of disloyalty to the writing profession. This experience even though he continued his pleasant relationship with his own publisher, Mr. Doubleday, made him feel that such an affair could be indicative only of a characteristic American greed.

To heighten Kipling's dislike of the country, was his seeing the result of American conquest. Kipling was wholly confident that it is the white man's right to impose his culture and civilization wherever his legions conquer. He saw in America only a failure to do this. He saw the Indian, degraded, poverty-stricken . . . in a far more miserable state than that in which the white man had found him when he took over this land. He saw the Chinaman in his segregated Chinatown still clinging to his old world religion, his old world cruelties. He saw the Negro doing his Zanzibar stickdances in the little white churches with the cross of the Christian religion on their towers. Kipling saw all this, and his faith in the power of the white man to elevate and progress was shaken.

But one must remember that Kipling was a Victorian. He was bewildered at the twentieth century. He could not watch the old order being replaced by the new without some reaction of resentment. America embodied the raw, the new . . . and he could not watch that newness spreading over the sea to invade his own beloved England with all her oldness and greatness.

And so Kipling never allowed his devotion to his American friends or his love for his American wife to soften his scorn or his contempt for America as a country.

And yet, American papers and American magazines send out their printed tributes to a great man, a great writer, Rudyard Kipling; for America loved him.

The Still Small Voice

By ELIZABETH YATES

•
"Peace is nigh when wisdom's voice has found a listening ear."

There was a feeling after the war of 1914-1918 that world peace must be maintained at any price; that the nations of the world had learned that war did not settle problems, but created them; that war had no place in the enlightened society of the twentieth century. Men and women sincerely and honestly believed that the world had learned its lesson. Nations maintained that the only way to settle international disputes was by arbitration and conference. Nations wanted to be intelligent and civilized after the World War. They were sincere in their desire for peace. The dream of a great idealist became a reality. Many of the nations of the world gathered to discuss their problems and to endeavor to settle them intelligently. The success of this experiment or venture is relative; its future hangs in the balance.

The nation who claims this idealist has spurned his great dream and sought to find peace and goodwill in her own way. For fifteen years men and women have discussed the position of the United States in world affairs . . . her relation to the League of Nations. Today when one of the so-called great powers of the world is fighting a war of conquest, when other nations of Europe are busily and secretly making treaties and alliances, when Japan is fighting an undeclared war on China, when all of the larger nations of the world are engaged in the biggest armament race in history, the need for determining the position of the United States (with respect to international affairs) becomes very acute. Economically she is closely allied and bound to the rest of the world. Politically her connections are less well defined. In 1920 the Congress of the United States decided to adopt the role of *isolation from*, as opposed to *cooperation with*, the League of Nations. She dug up the Monroe Doctrine. She declared to the

world that she is isolated. Now when one war is in progress and the threat of another dangerously real, the wisdom of that decision is questionable.

For the time being Congress and the President have said that she shall play a neutral role. The form of this neutrality is the issue at the present time — whether it should accentuate her already isolated political position by having mandatory legislation commanding the President to declare her absolutely neutral, and to place an embargo on trade and commerce with all belligerents; or whether the neutrality should be permissive, allowing the President to designate the aggressor in the conflict and sever relations only with that nation, which would be patterning the procedure somewhat after that of the League of Nations, drawing her a little closer into a form of international cooperation.

There are strong arguments on both sides. The isolationists, headed by Senator Gerald P. Nye, feel that neutrality must be maintained at any cost. If it hurts a weak nation and helps a strong and aggressive nation, that is unfortunate, but immaterial compared with the government's responsibility to protect its citizens against war. Mandatory legislation, says Senator Nye, would relieve the President of the too great responsibility of determining the aggressor, a thing which is practically impossible when a conflict is on. Unless she is absolutely neutral she is taking the great risk of being drawn into the war. As long as she has any economic connections with any belligerent she is not neutral, maintain the advocates of mandatory legislation.

The group representing the point of view of the present administration argues for permissive legislation on the grounds that Congress hasn't the right to prescribe laws governing an unforeseen situation and to tie the hands of the President so that at some time in the future he cannot act in the way which seems to him to be best for world peace. They maintain that the course of mandatory legislation would thwart the activities of the League of Nations in shortening or terminating a war. It seems to be the opinion of this group that the United States is not called upon to surrender her neutral rights

and her freedom of the seas, as they contend mandatory legislation would demand her to do.

There are many opinions as to how far she should go in her neutrality policy. Some say peace at any cost; others say that it is better to die for some things than to live without them; some say act with the League; some say act independently. In any event there is an ever-increasing number of earnest, sincere, thoughtful citizens, representing chiefly young people, who are contending that the intelligent way to arrive at world peace and to abolish war is to get at the causes of war. This group believes that war

is inhuman, unnecessary, uncivilized, and un-Christian. They know that economic nationalism and lure of profits; misdirected, highly emotional patriotism; and national ego, are all causes of war. They believe that we must sacrifice trade, temporary financial gain, "vested interests," so-called national honor, and even our neutral rights and freedom of the seas rather than be drawn into war and be compelled to pay the horrible price which it inevitably demands. The numbers of this group are increasing. In them "wisdom's voice has found a listening ear." May the still, small voice of wisdom be heard!



SONG OF TWO POETS RETURNING

By MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

I have dreamed of our return to earth,
 Dreamed how your poets' feet will strive with mine
 To cross the space of wordless worth
 Encircling the laureate divine.

Who calls forth synonyms from robin's throat
 And ploughs sweet syllables in furrows long?
 Stand back and let pedantic new worlds gloat;
 Our sonnet is our dream, and overstrong.

For written in the sun's existing time
 Our lyric stands untattered by the drab —
 It does not end at dark . . . as blood and muscle rhyme.
 It glows untouched by critic's dreaded stab.

Vast color, strength, — all, all with us is here;
 And plot on which to build our strident verse.
 Beneath our lone Creator's silent tear
 We outstep Adam's sorrow, Eve's slow curse.

DREAMS ON A RUNAWAY WIND

By HOPE BURCHELLE CATES

•

Touching the lock of sun-gold hair in her album — a stubborn little tuft, pinned in with an interwoven hand and heart in red and blue art paper — she drew her breath in sharply. It all seemed so right, she could not find it in her heart to be grieved; yet it was strange to be sitting under their linden tree — alone. Not that, either, for she had come here often while he was in Baltimore. She had come alone and stood on this exact spot on that November day — the day of the operation — huddled into the warm collar of her velvet pelisse, shivering as the raw wind caught up the dead leaves from the woodland floor in a swirl. For all the desolation of the little grove she had not felt as alone as she did now in this September brilliance. There was an aching dryness about her eyes as they came across his penciled pledge: "I change but in death. Edward. September 7, 1856."

She had found him on her May day of freedom from the Academy. Her eyes wandered off into the blue and gold haze as she remembered.

It was such a glorious day for wandering. It was more than she had dared hope to be let out alone. South Hill from her window had been a blanket of purple clover, and in the grove beyond she knew a crystal clear brook wound along beside an iris-bordered path. The grove abounded in fallen logs and moss-grown stones, and it was cool and dank. When she paced sedately around the west wing of Old Bradley, she averted her face so that Miss Donnelly from her turret-windows might not mark the eager color burning in her cheeks. The wind was blowing over South Hill, laying the clover flat as it came; and it required a visible effort to restrain her light-stepping feet. She had remembered to tuck a book under her arm before she left her room so that her prim back would present to her observers a picture of young-lady-

like sedateness. What a relief it would be to seize her skirts in her hands and dash madly up and over the hill! Instead she marched resolutely, decorously up the path and halfway down the other side before she relaxed — relaxed to the point of extending herself full-length in the honey-laden clover. Well, it was the first time she had dared do *that*! She had been tempted often to fling herself down here and gaze for hours at the sky. It was a delightful blue stretch of sky which rounded itself in a half-arc over the side of the hill. She wriggled contentedly, disarranging her skirts and her carefully pinned hair. Closing her eyes with a sigh, she let the warm gold seep through. The smell and the feel were as delicious as she had known they would be. She lay so for a long minute. Her thoughts, wandering around in a realm of impenetrable brilliance, jerked themselves back to alertness at the sound of a low masculine voice close at hand.

"A dryad in the flesh. Methinks this savors of other-worldliness."

Her eyes came open in surprise. It was a strange young man who had discovered her in this questionable position. What impropriety! But she found that improprieties were exactly her idea of what should constitute a day of freedom. Lying full-length in a bed of purple clover was the first step toward unbending from the rigid discipline of the Academy. Imagining Miss Donnelly's chagrin, she emitted a husky ripple of laughter. Coming to a sitting position, she regarded him appraisingly. His eyes were amber-flecked blue, keen and reflective. His hair was shining in the sun. There was something at once young and old about his expression. There was a boyish enthusiasm and animation in his eyes; yet strangely enough, there were about his mouth fine lines of pain or grief or bitterness.

"I haven't done this before," she began apologetically and then truthfully, "not because I haven't wanted to, but because I never quite dared until now."

His smile was a blend of understanding and masculine amusement. He didn't remark that he thought it hoydenish, as she expected. He didn't venture a word at all. She rose in sudden confusion and brushed her skirts quickly.

"Goodbye, sir," she murmured hurriedly, and with a bow which he outdid, she started hastily down the path. Once inside the little grove she slowed her pace to move along beside the brook in a sort of dreamy wonder. Her hands trembled without cause.

Editor's Note: Hope Burchelle Cates is an alumnae of Woman's College.

"Miss Nan!"

She stood still in the path and without turning listened to the sound of his boots striking on the roots and thumping on the damp earth as he came down the path.

"Sir?" She made a half-turn to face him. "You called my name?"

"Yes, forgive me." Only his eyes smiled as he spoke. "I didn't mention it, but I used to lie there often when I was a boy; and I remember how delightful it was. My name is Edward Gilmer. Our property joins the Academy on this side."

Edward Gilmer. Chal had spoken of him. He had been at school with him until he had fallen from a horse and injured his spine.

"Then you know my brother — Chalmers Houston?"

"Oh, yes. He talked of you often at Larchmont. Once I saw you in your carriage when you came with your father at Easter. You'll pardon me for speaking?"

She shook her head laughing. Her curls were loose and hung in a rust-brown frame around her face.

"No forgiveness is necessary, sir. This is my May day of freedom from the Academy. I take one every month to forestall insanity. Polite and synthetic apologies are a part of another world now. So is false decorum. Did you ever feel like a green-plush sofa, Mr. Gilmer?"

He cast a startled glance at her; and then, as though sensing her mood, he laughed outright. His incredulous expression said that he could never imagine this girl beside him in the russet-twiled walking-dress in company for long with green-plush sofas. He was right.

"I have at times," he admitted gravely, "and there's nothing like a sprint to the lower pasture bars to cure it. Are you game — Miss Green-Plush Sofa?"

She nodded, her lips parted in eagerness.

"I warn you. I know every crook and turn of this wood," he smiled.

"Little better than I," she countered.

"Then this big oak here at the fork of the path will be our starting place. You, my dear Miss Nan, will take the shorter way. I have the advantage in size. Ready?"

She nodded, her hand on the tree.

"Then here we go."

She ran with the wind — lightly. How estranged she felt to the prim girl who was hostess at Sunday night tea for Miss Donnelly.

She took every feasible short-cut, running with a wild, joyous abandonment. When she reached the pasture bars at the end of the lane, he was not there. She rested against them, catching her breath and listening intently. There was no sound except the wind tangling itself in the foliage of the trees. A wild fear tugged at her heart! Suppose he had fallen! She bounded back into the other path, calling his name as she went. There was no answer. Then she was almost back at the tree. Strange that he should have gone away! But she came on him at the bridge. He was leaning over the rail, looking at his reflection in the still depths of the pool into which the brook flowed for a time before it eased on.

"You frightened me."

He did not move to look at her. The muscles in his jaw rippled hard and then softened again.

"What are you doing?"

"Looking at a permanent green-plush sofa," he answered with a tinge of bitterness. Then he turned from the rail, looked at her steadily for a moment, the maturity uppermost in his expression, and moved slowly across to the shade of the linden tree. He spread his coat for her; and she sat down, knowing nothing to say. He let himself down on the grass beside her and sat staring away through the maze of May shadows and sunlight in the little grove. His eyes were tragically dry, and there was a tenseness about his expression. He held his body rigid. Finally, he lay on his back and stared at the leaf-patterned sky overhead. Such bitter agony shone in his eyes. Then he glanced at her silently, defiantly. The defiance melted away.

"Gradual paralysis and years, perhaps, in bed are not a happy prospect for twenty. I fell from a horse and crushed a vertebra. It will result in paralysis of both legs. It comes spasmodically even now. That is why I had to forego the race. You have the word for me, Miss Nan, a green-plush sofa!"

"No!" The denial jerked itself rudely from her lips. "You are not, sir! There is so much more to living than — than that."

"Very little. All my ambitions are thwarted — my plans for the future. My dreams are gone."

"Gone? Oh, no, Edward. Or if they have, they'll be back. It was a runaway wind that took them away. Didn't you know? It's your friends who help you get them back."

Edward looked at her intently and said nothing.

"Perhaps — perhaps even I could help. Could I, sir?" Her voice was very low, almost timid.

"Oh, you have — already. What do you mean they'll be back?"

"Winds are such spritely stirrings. I used to dream a dream, send it away on a wind, and forget it; and when I remembered, why, the wind had brought it back. They were light dreams, such as a ten-year-old would dream. If for a time I couldn't have what I wanted, well, I sent it away until such a time as it was possible. Often I changed my mind about wanting it when it returned; lots of times it was much changed. What dreams have you sent away on a runaway wind?"

"Something about being a captain in the cavalry." The bitterness was gone from his voice leaving it flat.

"Nothing more far-fetched?"

His eyes twinkled suddenly with a half-serious light.

"Oh, yes. I did dream that one day I would be walking over South Hill, and half-way up I would come across a nut-brown dryad with a halo of rusty curls lying in a bed of clover."

"That wasn't a dream."

"Seems so, ma'am."

There was a long silence during which she looked away with a suggestion of a smile playing about her mouth and eyes. He only looked at her with a puzzled satisfaction. With the silence came a deep cool calm. The little grove was lulled into a reverie.

"I'm dreaming," she announced in a hushed small voice.

"Could you tell me?"

She laughed at him with her eyes.

"How can I? It's already gone on the wind. But wait; it'll be back. It isn't ripe yet. By the time it has sailed around under tropical skies for a while, it will be mellow. When it's back, I'll tell you. Perhaps it won't need telling. Perhaps already you will have discovered it, sir. You see, it's about you."

She rose then, glancing with a regretful frown at the low-hanging sun.

"You're not going?"

Edward got slowly, painfully to his feet. She nodded, thinking quickly what she had best say to him.

"Green-plush sofas are to be found only in female academies, sir. Don't worry. You aren't the right gender to be one. I had a name for you, but it went away on the wind. You'll know yourself sometime."

"You *have* helped, Miss Nannie. I understand about the dreams now, but it's hard to believe they'll come back to me."

"Oh, yes!" Her tone trembled with the fervence of its conviction. "Goodbye, sir."

"Goodbye, ma'am."

She moved away through the cool shadow.

"Miss Nan!"

She turned. He was standing beneath the tree, silhouetted against the low sun.

"I'll see you again — here in the grove. I'll wait every day until you come."

"Yes, Edward." Her gentle words spoken with such prayer, were scarcely audible. She stared at him a moment through the mauve shadows of the little grove. Then she hurried away, trembling as before. She began pinning her curls into a smooth coiffure—into Academy primness.

Nan, sitting under the linden tree in September, closed her eyes remembering. There had been storms to quell, open rebellions. And she had quelled them. There had been hours of soft peace under blue skies. The lines had begun to erase themselves from around his lips, and a light of enthusiasm for life came and went in his amber-flecked eyes. There were not many days to remember. One for each month could not count into many — some twenty in all. Sometimes it was for an hour, sometimes for much longer. Then there was the whole week he had spent with Chal at home. It was at Christmas, and they had spent many hours before the fire on the great rock hearth, roasting chestnuts and apples and popping corn. It was then she had found out his passion for "sketching." Once when she was sitting on her heels and popcorn was bursting rhythmically in the wire basket she held in her hands, she had looked up to find him regarding her intently.

"Let me sketch you, Nan — just as you are now!" He was tense with subdued excitement. His words vibrated.

She had flushed at the suddenness of the request, but she had nodded quickly. There was something so eager in his voice. That was what she had long watched for — an eagerness for something. If only this were it! If only —

And he had sketched her, firelight and all.

From that time on she saw that he did not forget for long at a time that there were many things to sketch. He worked assiduously under her encouragement; but when she was away or he did not see her for a month of weary days, he laid aside his materials. Many sketches were

of the little grove, of Nan herself; and many of them were never finished. Some few he kept for himself, but most of them found their way into Nan's room at the Academy into an embroidered case she kept for them. She had them still, not remarkable but endearing mementoes. They had been his work. They were his great achievement, and they had worked miracles for him.

She remembered the last time she had seen him before he went away to Baltimore. It was September then just as now — one year ago.

They were silent as they came through the grove, silent with the unspoken hope and fear between them. It was as if by mutual consent they discarded speech when it became inadequate. They came slowly, Edward on crutches, thrusting his legs forward by the action of his hips. When they reached the rustic bridge, as if again by common consent, they rested their arms on the rails and looked down into the pool. Their thoughts were so closely interwoven that neither found it necessary to mention that first day.

"I want to remember this afternoon always, Nan."

He took his crutches then and moved painfully across to the shade of their tree. He let himself down and removed his coat. Nan smiled and sat on it, as she knew he wanted her to do. Turning onto his elbows, he rested his chin in his hands and regarded her at length.

"Did I ever tell you your eyes were the most beautiful I had ever seen?"

She shook her head, rising to his levity.

"They're like a — did I ever tell you you were a dryad? Yes, I remember. Your eyes are part of it. They are a serene other-worldly gray."

She chuckled, but in spite of herself she sighed. A sudden wind came hurrying by, tossing her hair and rumpling Edward's short locks. The sigh passed unnoticed.

"You know, I hate to mention it — and I wouldn't except perhaps I won't get the chance again — not for a long time. You told me that afternoon about a dream that went away on the wind. Has it never come back?"

She nodded, her eyes on the blade of grass she had just broken.

"Yes, it's back, and I was going to tell you before — before the afternoon was over anyway." They couldn't bear to mention even the possibility that he might not come back from Baltimore.

"I'm afraid our dreams got rather entwined that day. Of course I'm not a dryad, but I dreamed that when I opened my eyes there in the bed of clover I saw before me a god — one of the higher gods."

"A worthless mortal, Nan — no more."

"A god, I said."

"Worthless mortal."

"God. As I was saying —"

"Worthless mortal."

"He was a god but not even he knew it. He had been hurt and his dreams had forsaken him; but I knew that when he got them back, he would get his immortality."

"And then — go on."

"I'm afraid the wind caught it up there and bore it away."

"Shall I tell you the finish? You took the poor fellow into your care, and everything he was from that time was the result of that encounter. He drew a score of worthless sketches not nearly worthy of his dryad-princess; but it was the inspiration which counted with him and his honest effort which counted with her."

The silence was vibrant between them. Out of it Edward's voice came low and tense.

"You know that I love you, Nan, that from the first there was nothing for me, and you made everything out of that aching void. I won't mention it ever again — not ever. I think you must have known, but I wanted to say it to you once before — before I went away."

"I know, Edward. Do you think I have not seen in your eyes every great thought that has come fleeting through your mind and caught it unaware? This is more than a thought. It first fills your whole being and then bursts upon your mind with an alarming reality which can neither be denied nor renounced. I *know*, Edward! Could you not have guessed?"

He stared at her disbelievingly, and then a great ache came up before the incredulity in his eyes. Again — as on that first afternoon — he sat staring away through the maze of sunlight and shadow — September green and gold and brown. A shudder passed through his body as he brought his gaze back to her. Then he only sat regarding her sadly.

"Next summer," she said firmly, holding his eyes with her own, "we are going to ride father's horses all over the country — *ride*, Edward! Believe me, dear, it will be all right. Don't you see? Are you going to make me ask *you* if I — if I may always help?"

He dropped his eyes.

"But I can never ask you to marry me, Nan." His voice was gentle and quiet with a sort of resignation. "Suppose it isn't successful? There it's out! That fear has been at us both all afternoon. Well, we had best consider it. Suppose it isn't?"

"It will be, dearest! Oh, it will be!"

"No, it may not, and I want to say this because of that dread. This is one of the first, you know. It has only been attempted once or twice. If it isn't successful — if I don't have a chance — ever — of being strong, I'm not coming back, Nan."

Her eyes widened with horror and disbelief. "No, Nan, dear. You mustn't look that way. Little Nan, remember it was your game of a runaway wind that gave me life. The dream is almost back in port. I can see it already on the horizon, white sails flapping in the wind. We can't see whether it has changed yet. It may have reached much farther than we think for: it may be glorious beyond our desire. It may last forever, Nan — an eternal dream."

He had lain down and was staring up at the tree with a forced light in his eyes — a strained brilliance. She thought, he will go away, and he would never ask what he wants most. And he can't do that! Edward closed his eyes wearily, and Nan, leaning over, touched his lips gently with hers. A clear transparent tear came and nestled in the corner of each of his eyes. He did not open them for a long while. Finally, she thought he was asleep. He did not move except with quiet breathing.

She had brought along a little bag with materials for making dance invitations. She had thought to make them while they talked. She always brought along something, a book, embroidery. While he lay as if asleep, she took out the colored art papers and a tiny pair of embroidery scissors and began snipping dainty designs for the little folders, glancing at him often. She looked down suddenly to find his eyes riveted on her face.

"What's in the little book?"

"What? Oh — this? That's the album I told you about. I thought you might enjoy the flattery of my very gallant friends."

He took the book soberly and soon became absorbed in it. She looked at him often as she worked, her eyes soft with a transcendent light.

"Do you object if I add my humble pledge to these high-flung avowals?"

"You shall, of course. That was my intent. Here, Edward — on a page to yourself, sir."

He took a pencil from his pocket and wrote firmly: "I change but in death, Edward." A flush of red-gold slanted across the page and on the two heads which bent over it. Nan, looking at him, lifted the strand of hair which invariably fell across his forehead, and snipped it off.

"This, too, sir."

He nodded and began searching among her colored papers.

"I must have a red and a blue. Here they are. Now, the scissors. I shall see that you don't forget as long as this little album remains with you that you have my heart and my hand."

With deft movements he cut a heart from the red and a hand from the blue. And with a series of snips and twists he wove them together and pinned with them the lock of hair into the album. Then he looked at her with a sober intensity.

"Oh, Nan, you have given me so much of yourself — your fine courage. It was your hope which I lived on. It was your serenity which I found in my heart. I shall keep them for — for this other. I can not ask more now."

She knew that that was true. She had known it then, and she knew it now. He had never changed — even in death. He had gone away the next day. After they said goodbye at the bridge, she never saw him again. He had gone to Baltimore and for two long months they refused to operate. During those long days of hoping against hope, he had spent hours writing to her. The letters came intermittently by post. Often there were weeks between them. Then they had taken the chance of losing him altogether and had operated. It required delicate surgery, and only few would have attempted it. Nan knew, and she trembled with fear as she sat under the linden tree that day. But he had come through it, and they had sent a word of frail hope to her. The worst was over. It would be some time before they could tell to what extent it had been successful.

After a time the letters resumed their weekly and bi-weekly arrivals. Through it all his courage and hope had never wavered. She knew that when the first letter arrived. It was full of that cheeriness and buoyancy which characterized him at his best. During all the long months which had come between the operation and the realization of utter failure she knew — the eternal light had never gone out of his amber-flecked eyes. Their love had made his dreams secure. He would never consent to her coming to Baltimore. His whole ambition was to come



LINOLEUM CUT BY EVELYN KERNODLE

back to her whole, walking on two strong legs instead of dragging useless, emaciated limbs behind him.

Then he had known. They didn't tell him, but he knew. It had been of no use. He would never walk. He had gone on building dreams, dreams of high splendor — but the winds had taken them away. Now the eternal dream was a reality. He had kept his word; he had not come back. It was right this way. He could never have grown old contentedly. He was too vital. His dreams would have vanished away, and the light would have gone out of his eyes. This way he was eternal, and that vibrant silence was still between them.

A flurry of movement came through the little grove. It blew the rusty curls awry. It made grotesque, misshapen things of two tears lingering unshed on her lashes. Then of a sudden it departed — the ghost of a runaway wind.

BUT AFTER HALF-GODS

A. J. T.

The wise have said:
"When half-gods go
The gods arrive" . . .
But do they know?

Do they know . . .
That hair more dark
Than torment to the light
Is pain to tear away
When it has lain
So close within the night.

Do they know . . .
That eyes whose depths
Hold wisdom's haunted sleep
Cannot be shut away
When they have seen
Within a soul, too deep.

Do they know . . .
That hands more kind
Than dreams are to the blind
Are death to thrust away
When they have held
The fragments of a mind.

The wise have said:
"When half-gods go
The gods arrive" . . .
But do they know?

EDYTHE LATHAM.

Betsy Investigator

By MARY ELIZABETH BITTING

It was spring. Betsy knew it was spring. In the first place, she had been wearing socks for a week, blue ones with blue and white checker-board tops and white clocks on the side. She had a new hat too, a yellow straw, rough all over with prickles she could feel with her fingers. It had a blue ribbon going all the way around and hanging down the back. Oh, yes, it was spring.

In the second place, it was nice to get up in the morning now, instead of seeming like having to get up in the middle of the night, as it always seemed before spring came. Betsy had wondered why. She had thought and thought and now she had decided that it was because it was just as warm out of bed as it was in.

There was another reason for its being spring. She didn't have to eat oatmeal before she could go to school. Mother said Post Toasties would do just as well. Betsy liked Post Toasties. They looked like lazy little boats floating around with nothing to do. She liked to eat almost *all* of them and then whirl the others round and round in the cream with her spoon. They looked tired and breathless after a while and she always felt sorry for them and popped them in her mouth and swallowed them quickly.

Yes, it was very much spring. There was a buttercup in the side yard every morning when she looked. Mother always let Betsy take it to school. When she got to school, she stuck it in the fat glass on Miss Williams' desk. The bunch grew bigger and bigger because Betsy brought a buttercup every day and Miss Williams took one out only every two days, and then just because it was sick and old and beginning to have wrinkles all over it. Miss Williams always said it was dead and crooked her little finger and dropped it in the waste basket. Betsy wished she would not drop it like that. One day when Miss Williams had turned around to write something on the board, Betsy had reached down for the buttercup and held it to her ear. It hadn't breathed a sound. She had put it back in again

very gently, so as not to jar it. Betsy liked buttercups very much. Once she had tried to drink out of one, but the water had spilled all over her, and Betsy had decided that maybe they weren't supposed to be drunk from at all. She didn't see how the fairies managed.

It had been spring a long time now. In fact, it was almost time for summer. Betsy was sure of that, because she and mother were on their way to get the wild honeysuckle, the pink kind that had long gold hairs growing in the middle, to put in the big blue bowl before the tall gold mirror that reached all the way from the floor to the ceiling in the hall. They never went for the honeysuckle until almost summer, because mother said the honeysuckle would not be receiving so early, and it would be very rude to go so soon.

But today was not too soon. The sun was a nice warm spot in the middle of Betsy's back. The breeze bristled busily over her shoulder and purred in her ear. The leaves from the pine trees squeaked under her feet. They were not like other leaves. They were long and sharp like needles. Those on the trees were green, and those on the ground were brown. Some of them got in her shoes and tickled her toes. They got in through the windows in her new sandals. Betsy counted the little green spots that jumped suddenly from the bushes as they went by and sat on mother's dress. "Beggars' lice," mother called them. Betsy listened very closely, but she never heard them beg for anything. They just sat there and didn't say a word. She wanted to knock them off mother with a stick. There was a long black one lying in the path. The sharp point turned up and looked at Betsy. It was long and bumpy with little sticks sticking out all over it. She picked it up and stirred up the pine leaves.

She jumped. It was a bird. Betsy knew it was a bird because it had feathers. The feathers were all ruffled up like hair that needed combing. Betsy looked at the bird a long time. He was little and limp and brown. But he was not brown under his wing. He was red there. She looked ahead at mother. The dress with the beg-

gars' lice was going over the next hill. Betsy grabbed the stick and dug and dug and dug till there was a big round hole. She touched the bird with the stick and pushed him in *very, very* gently. She tucked the dirt tight around him and folded the leaves back like a blanket. It would be cold at night. She ran over the hill as fast as she could go. The dress with the beggars' lice was way ahead. When she caught up with it the big basket on mother's arm was all full of honeysuckle. She put out her finger and poked at a blossom. It sprang at her. The bird would have liked to have had some honeysuckle. She would take him some tomorrow.

When they were home with the honeysuckle, mother put it in the blue bowl. It fell out the sides of the bowl and lay on the floor. It leaned up against the mirror and looked at itself. Betsy stood in front of the mirror and looked at it too. There was a lot of it. When she went to bed that night, she said her prayers over twice, once for herself and once for the bird. And when she went to sleep, she dreamed that the bird was flying up, up, up, with a honeysuckle bow tied around his neck and honeysuckle hanging from his wings. When she woke up the next morning and went out in the side yard, the buttercup was there. It was a big one. There was always a big one on Saturday morning. Betsy was sure the bird would like a big buttercup. She picked it and went in the house and pulled some of the honeysuckle from the bowl. She didn't have time to play with the Post Toasties this morning. She ate them all as fast as she could and left one floating around. She ran fast till she came to the grave in the woods.

Betsy stood over it and looked at it a long time. She stuck the big buttercup on top and laid the honeysuckle all around the edges. Then she turned around and walked very slowly back to the edge of the woods. She stood at the end of the path a long time. The sun came and sat on the back of her neck between her hair and her dress. When she turned around and walked back to the grave, it followed her. She leaned down and put her ear to the ground. Then she pulled out the buttercup and pushed away all the leaves. The long stick was lying near by. She grabbed it up and dug and dug. She dug deep and looked. The bird was little and limp and brown with red under his wing.

The sun had moved away from Betsy's neck. It was not on her back. It shone in her eyes and laughed at her. The big buttercup leered with its yellow eye. The honeysuckle fell out of her

pocket and got mixed up under her feet. Great tears bounced on her nose and fell in the buttercup. He was a bad bird. He had not gone to heaven.

LET NO SOUND

By HELENA JANE CALDWELL

I am thankful for the silence of the trees,
For the chill mist that presses on the ground
No sun has shriveled and no subtle breeze
Shaken the dew-strung spider webs I've found.

Let no sound of breathing pain my ear,
Nor flash of noon sun smite my eyes in scorn.
The maiden age of sensual day is near,
The cool, eternal seconds of the dawn.

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"Case Number _____"

By PATRICIA STURDIVANT

Up Little Guilford steps I go, mentally giving myself a pat on the back, and complimenting myself in general for my earning ability. Three dollars and thirty-seven cents is a huge amount to be earned by a person who must spend long hours reading Spanish and history, and struggle desperately with Botany experiments. My self-satisfaction grows, so that as I reach the box to deposit my voucher I am smugly complacent and quite proud of myself.

What's this? New blanks for N. Y. A. workers. These are government regulation blanks, not the mimeographed ones we've been using. Curiosity drives me to investigate; so I scan the printed form: Name..... Sex..... Case Number.....

Like a flash my complacency vanishes. To replace it rushes humiliation closely followed by indignation. Associations emerge, unpleasant and insinuating: Case numbers are given to those on relief rolls; do you see where you stand? So I have become a numbered pauper! It's impossible to see how I am being given anything when I receive twenty-five cents for an hour of typing, searching through files, grading papers, hectographing maps, running errands, or what not. Of course, I am to be given a "case number" as extra recompense. Not content with the meagerness of my wages, the pleasure I may derive from feeling partially independent is to be deducted.

My shoulders begin to sag, and "What's the

use?" like a vulture, hovers over me awaiting the collapse. But pride, staunch friend that he is, sensing the pending disaster rescues me; and pride and I walk defiantly down Little Guilford steps.

Suddenly I realize the significance of this experience. Through it I can now penetrate the mystery of those degraded spineless creatures on relief rolls. I understand now their seeming indifference to their debasement, their grumbling because they are not given more, their ingratitude to the hand that feeds them, their pitiful acquiescence to their sad fate. I see the pathos of their degradation: Caught in the web of the depression, they were driven to seek relief. At first they were proud and wounded, but by degrees their pride was killed and now they are without moral support — sunk in the slough of indifference. I see how their faces received that depressed downcast expression. I understand, for I have seen the ladder these men descended, and have glanced into the dismal depths below.

TO A MOTH

By SHEILA CORLEY

O, do not break your brittle wings so soon —
But walk my outstretched hand with velvet tread.

Batter no longer your quivering head.
That hard white lamp, pale thing, is not the moon!

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SAPPHO OF LESBOS

By CHARLTON C. JERNIGAN

Woman's place in world literature was never fully recognized until our own era. And yet the songs of the first woman poet in history remain for many the purest poetic cry in literature. Sappho of Lesbos lived in an island at a time when women elsewhere were neither expected nor permitted to engage in pursuits other than the domestic duties of the home. But among the Aeolians of the Asia Minor coast in the seventh and six centuries before Christ, life achieved a richness of expression, a variety of experience, and a freedom from social repression seldom found anywhere in subsequent ages. Amid the unsurpassed beauty of sea and countryside, Sappho taught her pupils all the arts deemed important for women who were to become able companions of men who ruled the destinies of the nation. And among the arts taught, music and poetry were preeminent because of Sappho's own innate abilities.

It was by reason of the very passion of her poetry as well as the astonishing freedom of the social life of the Aeolian culture that Sappho has been the most maligned name in literature. Two centuries after her death a comic poet, Ameipsias, at Athens was to sling the mud of slander at her, and in monotonous succession other comic poets were to continue the delightful game of maligning a woman until the slander has become a fact firmly entrenched in the stupidities of modern writers. Her good name was first suspected because a fifth century Athenian could not imagine a *good* woman's having intelligence. These Athenians whose extraordinary mental achievements form a chapter in human history unapproached by any other era save one, were apparently mated to morons; and so the merry game began at the expense of Sappho the woman of Lesbos.

But what was there in her poetry that made all ancient and most modern critics concur in placing her at the top among lyric poets? Her chief contemporary competitor, Alcaeus, devoted his poetic interest to three topics: politics, drinking, and love, though it is difficult sometimes to maintain the distinction—since the wine of his drinking songs seems to have got into his politics and love-making. Sappho writes on one

topic only. The love passion is here seen as a fierce blazing fire, ravaging the soul that contains it. The longer fragments may not be quoted here, those throbbing expressions of a consuming love, of which one is said by Longinus to be "not one passion, but a congress of passions," and which a Greek physician copied into his book of diagnoses as a compendium of all the symptoms of corroding emotions. Yet the feeling even in so brief a fragment as the following cannot be entirely hidden by a foreign tongue and a translator's blundering genius. It is descriptive of a girl in love:

*"Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry;
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But oh, who ever felt as I!"*

And again the fragmentary cry:

*"Love, like a mountain-wind upon an oak,
Falling upon me, shakes me leaf and bough."*

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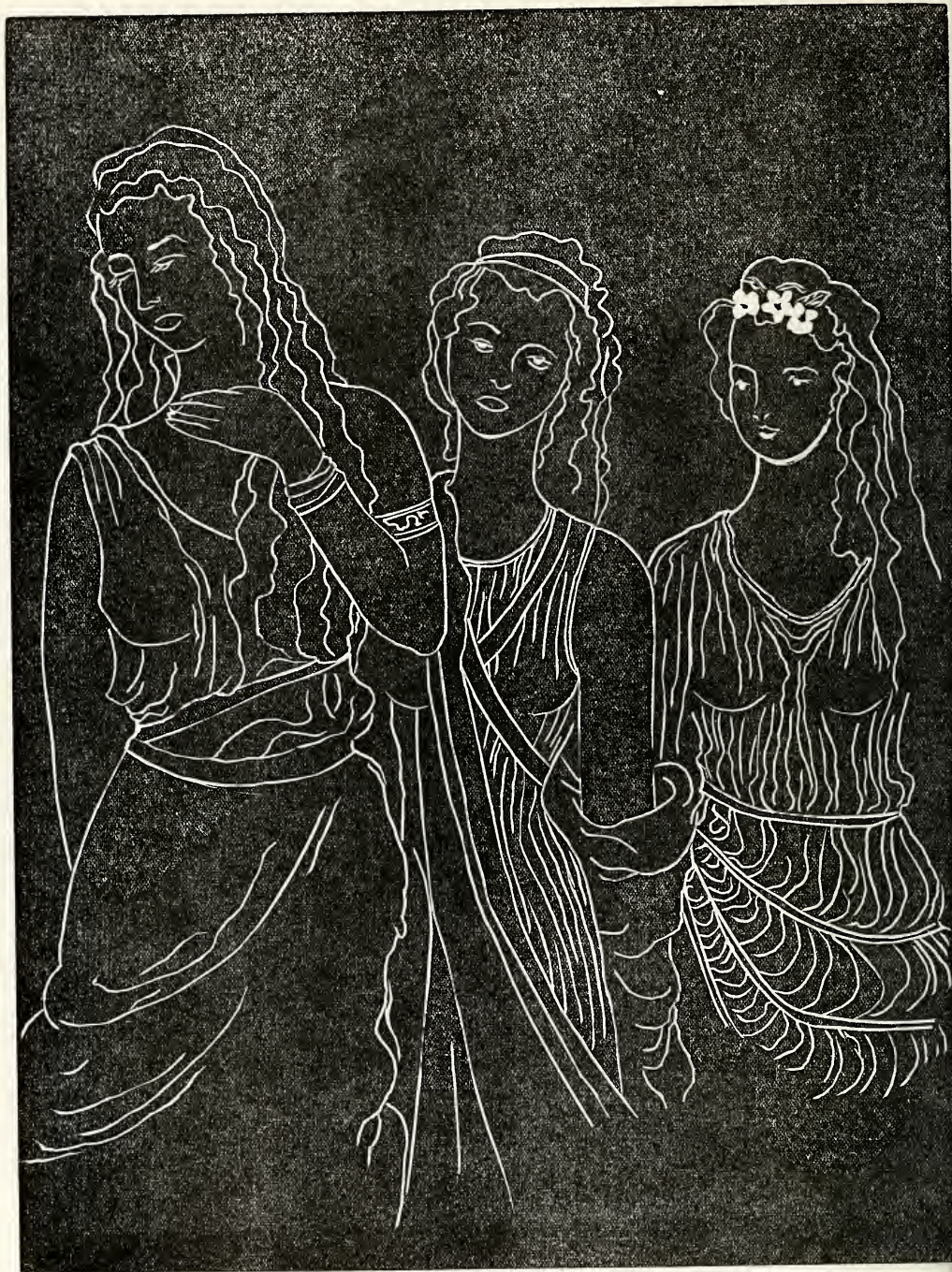
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beautifully rounded syllables of the original, and the liquid vowels polished with consummate genius.

There is a mischievous twinkle in the song to a younger friend who has married later than her companions:

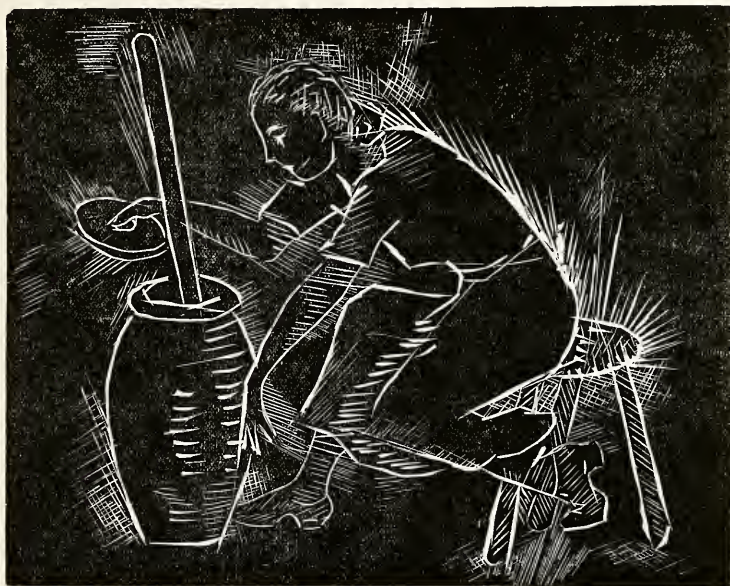
*"Like the sweet apple which reddens upon
the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig — which the
pluckers forgot, somehow —
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none
could get it till now."*

Contrast the sentiment in the solemn tribute to the mystic power of the moon in:

*"Off in the twilight hung the low full moon,
And all the women stood before it grave,
As round an altar. Thus at holy times
The Cretan damsels dance melodiously
With delicate feet about the sacrifice,
Trampling the tender bloom of the soft grass."*

Poets from Catullus on have given their best to translations of Sappho, all have spent themselves in finding adjectives to express their wonder at her beauty, and still her dazzling fragments —

*"— like sparkles of Greek fire,
Burn on through time and ne'er expire."*



WOODCUT BY EVELYN KERNODLE

VAN GOGH IN ARLES

By HELENA JANE CALDWELL

What Arlésienne climbed the hill
When the copper leaves were still?
Did she pass this saffron door?
And leave her heel-marks on the floor?
Did she see those paintings there,
Touch that table, sit in that chair?
Were the brushes and the paints
(Blue, like the robes of Spanish saints)

Thus strewn in pleasant disarray —
Or weren't you there that golden day?

The orchards sag with crimson fruit,
And thin-legged lads bear off their loot
Across the wheat fields in their smocks;
New milk is being churned in crocks —
Ah, Life would not stoop to smoothe the head
Of a crumpled sparrow lying dead.

WE REVIEW

Editor's Note: *Wuthering Heights* is reviewed in this issue in connection with the forthcoming Playliker Production, *Moor Born*, which is a life of the Bronte Sisters.

Emily Bronte: WUTHERING HEIGHTS. New York: Bigelow, Brown and Company.

For a young girl living in the Victorian period, of decorum and modulated sensibility, a period of literature in which human passions were insinuated rather than portrayed, to have produced *Wuthering Heights* is an amazing quirk of individual genius. The answer lies in the isolated life of Emily Bronte, which freed her and her sister from some, at least, of the Victorian mannerisms.

What she felt, what she found necessary to say was so strong within her that no literary formula was strong enough to bind her to a set area of expression. It was for this same lack of reverence that *Wuthering Heights* gradually awoke the London circles to approbation, dismay, and applause.

In an introduction by Charlotte Bronte written for the revised edition of *Wuthering Heights* she points out that *Wuthering Heights* is faulty and almost badly written in parts; she saw however the quality of greatness that it possessed.

Wuthering Heights moves about the life of the strange, conscience-stricken Heathcliff, his greed and his love for Catherine. The action of the story pivots upon character development with no little emphasis on setting and back-

ground. The house, *Wuthering Heights*, is built in the reader's mind through the emotions of those who people it. Emily Bronte's characters seem all to be filled with wild, mysterious passions. It is never possible to be sure what they will do in a given situation since none of them are wholly rational. But the action of the story does move logically. The circumstances of the story are reasonably clear. The author shows how Heathcliff comes to *Wuthering Heights*; shows his position in the household, his attitude toward Catherine and Hindly, her brother. Hindly's feeling toward Heathcliff is brought out when he, Hindly, returns to *Wuthering Heights* with his bride. Catherine's interest in Edgar Linton leading to the marriage of the two, the disappearance of Heathcliff, his return and his affiliation with Hindly — the gradual massing of these things in the story show the rational compactness of the story. But as to the psychological reaction of the Heathcliff, Catherine, and the others, the reader is completely out of it. Emily Bronte is content to show them acting. Perhaps she had to be content to show them in this light. Perhaps she could feel the emotions they felt but could not analyze the reasons for these emotions.

The book is filled with dramatic situation, probably an influence of Emily Bronte's predecessors. From the moment Lockwood, who hears most of the story through the housekeeper, knocks on the door of *Wuthering Heights* a situation begins to evolve, which culminated during his first night in the house by the ghost's knocking on his window. Since most of the story is told by Ellen Dean, Lockwood's servant, the scenes are mainly effected by description. The reader is constantly steeling himself for further action. This is not to insinuate that the story is a series of nightmares in the Radcliff manner, but rather a painfully realistic study of characters struggling against massing and difficult fates. Emily Bronte's treatment of nature is so superb that it is impossible to pass it up without

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a word. She does not describe scenes. That seems scarcely possible to believe after reading *Wuthering Heights*. The book trembles with the sound of the wind forever blowing over the moors. The dialogue, the very temperaments of the people — these things bring the moors, the rain, and the sun on them and the scent of them into the book.

The love scenes in *Wuthering Heights* are not

the whole. Her voice, like Heathcliff's, seems to be crying, realizing the frustration, but worse still the pity of it.

Do not expect to find humor in *Wuthering Heights*. It contains none. The tirades of Joseph, the man of all work around the house, and the manner in which Ellen Dean tells the story may have the quality of humor but just where it lies it would be difficult to say. Deaths and tears and



particularly drawn out or solemn. It cannot be said that the reunion of Catherine and Heathcliff is the conventionally Victorian one, but it is not done in a higher key than the rest of the story. These few love scenes, and they are few, carry the same strain of sadness that is so much a part of the rest of the book. It has been hinted before that Emily Bronte colored the book with her own personality. This might be spoken of particularly in connection with the sadness that is even more moving than the stark tragedy of

rain, babies falling down stairs, and drunks do not seem particularly humorous.

The story goes with lyrical quality. Emily Bronte was a singer. She seemed to have an instinctive feeling for rhythm; and all the major characters, particularly Heathcliff and Catherine, have an individual step strange and splendid.

Emily Bronte, on her moor, fashioned in *Wuthering Heights* a passionate, sincere book, deeply tragic and mysterious. In parts it is uncontrolled to the point of madness; but in spite of this, in spite of its awkward prose in part, in spite of its lack of humor, *Wuthering Heights* is a great book, and like all great books, impossible to define.

Editor's Note: The illustration above is a woodcut, by Virginia Jackson, of the oil portrait of the Brontë Sisters by their brother, Branwell Brontë.

Josephine Johnson: I HAVE FOUR APPLES.

A significant and important novel has been written, one which shows a cross-section of American life at its worst yet most general level. It is a novel based on the fallacy of the principles of democracy, a fallacy which arises through a distorted and uneducated system of thinking. These principles have been instilled into the minds of the people, breeding desire for better things, yet providing no means whereby this higher level may be attained.

The story is hung upon the members of the Hoe family, a so-called typical American family. Each of the five persons has some principle of democracy, which to that individual is more important than anything else, the end of all struggle and thought, interpreted to meet personal desires. Throughout the entire book there is a depressing and baffling sense of overwhelming debt, a sense that shortens the vision, perplexes the interpreter; since there seems to be no solution. It is inevitable that disaster and poverty should overtake these people.

The book assumes vast importance when one realizes that these people and their problems are not unusual, but general, throughout the nation. These people are products of an age which has the highest level of production and a comparative low level of consumption. The nation cannot offer opportunity for all, nor give aid to a man in whom "the principles of home ownership had been intensely drilled, fostered by his need to cultivate self-respect. He believed he had fulfilled his whole duty to his maker, his country, and his family with the purchase of a home. The taxpayer, he cited, helped to build up a community, took an interest in his country's laws. He had an eye to the national failure because he had an investment at stake. Furthermore he built for his children. Boys and girls,

Penter asserted solemnly, needed roots. If their parents moved continually from pillar to post, what chance had the children to develop into desirable citizens, citizens interested in good government?"

And what, the tolerant reader asks, is wrong with these sentiments? The author has shown these people placing a childlike faith in the ideals of democracy. They go along believing everything will turn out all right because "the government is looking out for us." Disillusionment and bitterness follow. They have not yet learned that equality is not half what it sounds, nor freedom the cry of the political leaders of our country. And what can democracy do for the squirrel-cage minded Penteres and the ambitious but pathetic Sythias who are caught in the snarl of a society twisted by class distinction, bloated with getting and holding, closing its eyes to those bent down with debt, frightened by insecurity, and despaired by the futility of effort. Miss Johnson offers the hope of education. Education to teach them a better way of living, sensible management of their wages, and application of the principles of democracy in so far as they are comparable with law and the good of the whole.

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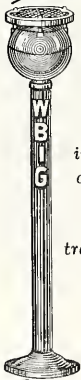
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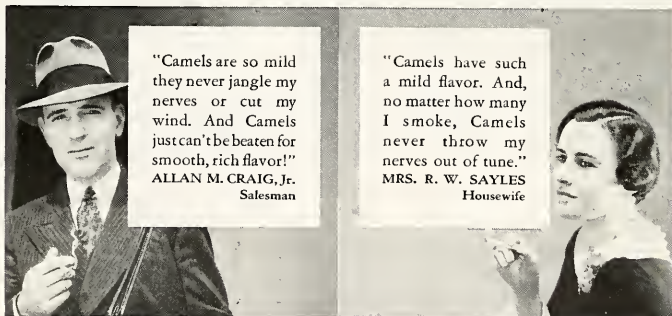
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